him than the rest, and stood cap in hand by his father's chair. One day during dinner the Count de Toulouse, a natural but legitimated son of the King of France, came by his father's orders to announce some great event to the abdicated Monarch, and James immediately ordered Tyrconnel to advance a stool for him. The Duke hesitated, and it was not till he had received repeated orders that he pushed forward a stool for the Prince. No sooner had he done it than he brought another, and taking the Duke of Berwick by the arm, attempted to force him down upon it, crying out, "Since bastards are allowed to sit down before my master, sit you down, for you are as good a one as the other!"

ixth. Breakfasted at Madame de Lamarck's *chaumiere.* It is rather curious that she became a *devotee* by going to a fortune-teller. She had been long attached to the Marquis de Castries and asked the witch what he was about at that moment. "Il est avec Madame de Blot," was the answer. The Countess ascertained the fact, and, taking it as an admonition from heaven, broke off all intercourse

with him and became a saint. Many years having
intervened since then, they are now on friendly
terms and he sees or writes to her every day.

Dined at the Duke of Dorset's with